

# **UNTITLED ROSWELL PROJECT**

"Pilot"

Written by  
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Based on the book series "ROSWELL HIGH" by Melinda Metz

Production Draft  
**Full Blue Draft**

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Amblin TV

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## CAST LIST

Liz Ortecho  
Max Evans  
Michael Guerin  
Isobel Evans-Bracken  
Kyle Valenti  
Alex Manes  
Maria DeLuca  
Master Sergeant Manes

Sheriff Valenti  
Grant Green  
Noah Bracken  
Arturo Ortecho  
Rosa Ortecho

Mac  
Rancher  
Hank  
Lindsay

Vernon  
Young Liz  
Young Max  
**Medium Liz**  
**Medium Max**  
**Medium Isobel**  
Commander Andy Manes  
Officer Gary Valenti

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## SET LIST

### Interiors

Crashdown Cafe  
Isobel's House  
- Bedroom  
Arturo's Apartment  
- Liz's Bedroom  
Police Department  
- Holding Room  
Hospital  
- Waiting Room  
Michael's Airstream  
Wild Pony Bar  
- ~~Bathroom~~  
Max's House  
Valenti House  
- Kitchen  
Cave  
Event Venue  
~~Manes House~~  
- Basement  
**Military Institute**  
- Manes' Office

### Exteriors

Foster Homestead Ranch  
- Michael's Airstream  
Desert Roads  
Roswell City Limits  
Main Street  
- Alley  
Crashdown Cafe  
Isobel's House  
Police Department  
Cemetery  
Max's House  
Wild Pony Bar  
- Parking Lot  
Cave  
Playground  
Event Venue  
- Parking Lot

"Pilot"

ACT ONE

1 EXT. FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH - NIGHT/FBN1 - 1947

1

Sweeping New Mexico desert ranch land rolls out under a deep, dark blue sky. Quiet and peaceful. The moon blazing white. On a fence, a sign hangs marking FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH.

LIZ (V.O.)

In the beginning, Roswell was a little cowboy settlement. A farming community and an air force base in the middle of miles and miles of nothing. The kind of place that got left off of maps. Forgotten.

A field of cows sleep in the distance as rancher MAC (40, a true-blue cowboy) walks toward his 1945 pickup truck, his son VERNON (10) in tow. Mac carries something large and indistinguishable. Vernon carries a rifle.

LIZ (V.O.)

The inhabitants were good ol' boys and military men, always poised for battle in a place where nothing ever happened. Until one night, something did.

**CHYRON: June 14, 1947**

Mac heaves a DEAD COYOTE into the back of the pickup truck. Vernon watches, sadly. Handing the rifle back to his dad.

MAC

That coyote came for what's ours,  
son. He was trespassing.

Before Vernon can respond-- a strange ringing noise, a clear bell, begins to echo through the night. SUDDENLY, A WHITE LIGHT ILLUMINATES VERNON'S FACE. Impossibly bright, searing--

They turn as a FLASH of silver cuts through the sky. Then -- something hits in the distance -- a MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

2 EXT. FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH - NIGHT/FBN1 - 1947

2

A twisted piece of wreckage marring the beautiful desert landscape. Glittering metal, curving planes of a glowing, opalescent material in otherworldly purple and blue.

An AIR FORCE COMMANDER (NAME BADGE: MANES) with a team of uniformed men and the sheriff (OFFICER GARY VALENTI) creeps close to the wreckage.

Suddenly, the entire mass SHUDDERS. The glowing material shifts colors dramatically. The men move for their guns--

LIZ (V.O.)

That summer, the intelligence office of the 509th Bombardment at Roswell Army Air Field confirmed to the press: they had possession of a flying saucer.

3 EXT. FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH - DAY/FBD2 - **1947**

3

Mac reads a newspaper. Its headline: *RAAF Captures Flying Saucer on Ranch in Roswell*. A TEENAGE BOY (18) approaches him, pays him for a box of ammo --

LIZ (V.O.)

DC debunked it pretty quickly. Said it was a weather balloon. But it didn't matter. Roswell was the site of the UFO crash. And it has been for 70 years.

Nearby, a group of teens raise their guns toward a bunch of green aliens painted onto targets. As they pull the triggers--

4 EXT. DESERT ROAD/INT. LIZ'S CAR - NIGHT/N1 - **TODAY**

4

LIZ ORTECHO (27, Mexican-American, jaded -- but not as jaded as she'd like you to believe) drives in her dusty SUV, packed with everything she owns.

LIZ (V.O.)

After all, if aliens deemed Roswell worthy of a visit, maybe there's something special about it.

She passes an old sign for the UFO Crash Site: 5 Miles. Rolls her eyes and turns up the radio, finding a 90s country song--

LIZ (V.O.)

But I was born and raised here... so I know it's like any other small town. You endure, then escape, then try to forget. Until, inevitably, you find yourself returning, despite all efforts to stay away.

Up ahead, she sees flashing red and blue lights. Brow furrowing, she turns the music down...

5 EXT. ROSWELL CITY LIMITS - NIGHT/N1

5

Liz rolls to a stop next to a sign that says "SOBRIETY CHECKPOINT." Just beyond it, though, is an ICE van, with a HANDCUFFED MAN sitting inside as a COP slams the door closed.

LIZ

You've got to be kidding me.

Another cop, with a flashlight in hand, waves cars past the checkpoint. A minivan... then a flashy sedan... then, seeing Liz's car, he puts up a hand. Indicating for her to stop.

She rolls her window down, not even looking at the officer as she launches into a rapid-fire rant. She's turned away from the window, digging in the footwell for her purse.

LIZ (CONT'D)

So you let the Joneses and the Jenners through, but you're gonna stop the Latina and tell me this is a DUI checkpoint? You'll happen to ask for my passport, which I have -- somewhere -- which will prove that I was born three miles from here, which is why I know Roswell--

OFFICER

Ma'am--

LIZ

--is well past the 100 mile border zone, vato, so I will have the ACLU so far up your ass you'll be reciting the Tenth Circuit's Venzor-Castillo verdict in your sleep.

Then -- the officer lowers his flashlight, and steps toward the car. His face, for the first time, coming into focus. When Liz turns to look at him, she immediately goes quiet. His lips part in surprise when he finally sees her.

MAX

...Liz.

This is MAX EVANS (28, stoic, disciplined, more hopelessly romantic than he'd like you to believe). The world slows down. Liz's voice fails her. When she speaks, it's an exhale:

LIZ

Max.

Like their names were made for each others' mouths. Suddenly--

6

INT. ROSA'S CAR/EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY/FBD3 - 2008

6

17-year-old Max walks past a car, where Liz, 17, is in the passenger seat. She catches her breath as he smiles at her. Above is a banner in the street: CONGRATULATIONS NEW ROSWELL HIGH CLASS OF 2008. Liz waves a bit, nervous, as he passes.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ROSA (O.S.)

Do you want to die a virgin? Don't wave, Liz.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(then)

Really? Max Evans? So... vanilla.  
It's like I've taught you nothing.

\*  
\*

Liz looks at her sister, in the driver's seat. ROSA (19) is breathtakingly beautiful. Grinning as she teases.

\*  
\*

ROSA (CONT'D)

All our lives he's made moon eyes  
at you and now, two months from  
graduation, you look back at him?  
Your whole life is about to start.

\*

LIZ

I guess I've been thinking about  
things I'll miss. And maybe... I  
don't want to miss Max Evans.

\*

(then)

We're driving out to the desert  
after school. We have to collect  
samples for our bio final.

\*

ROSA

Focus on your final, not your lab  
partner, Liz. He's in the rearview  
mirror. Trust me.

\*

(then)

Go. If I'm late for my shift again  
Mom's gonna stage an intervention.

Liz starts to get out of the car. Max has already walked past, but he glances back at her over his shoulder. She smiles at him again. Rosa's advice all but forgotten--

\*

7

EXT. ROSWELL CITY LIMITS - NIGHT/N1 - **TODAY**

7

Back at the DUI checkpoint, Liz regains her composure.

LIZ

It's... been a long time.

MAX

Ten years.

LIZ  
You're still in Roswell.

MAX  
And you're... finally back.

Something about his tone says: *I was waiting.* There's a long, simmering beat between them -- then suddenly, her radio turns on. Music BLARES. Flustered, she turns it down, but--

SHERIFF VALENTI (O.S.)  
Elizabeth Ortecho?

The female SHERIFF (50, unforgiving) steps up behind Max. Liz suddenly looks uncomfortable.

LIZ  
Sheriff Valenti. Hi.

If they were about to have a moment, reality has interrupted.

SHERIFF VALENTI  
Well. Kyle will be thrilled that you're here for the high school reunion. Don't think anyone expected you to come back for it.

LIZ  
Reunion. This weekend.

\*

She takes a deep breath. *Fuck.* Then, looks back to the sheriff. History lingers here, too. Quietly--

LIZ (CONT'D)  
Do you want to breathalyze me, or--

SHERIFF VALENTI  
You were always a good girl, Liz.  
Go on ahead. Tell your dad hello.

Max is about to speak, but Liz doesn't hesitate as she puts her car back in drive and pulls away. Only then do her eyes find the rearview mirror, Max shrinking in the distance as she passes a green WELCOME TO ROSWELL sign...

GRANT GREEN (PRELAP)  
I know you think you're safe, but you're not. Aliens have already ruined your life.

8 EXT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT/N1

8

Liz gets out of her car. She stands, looking across the road at the CRASHDOWN CAFE. Through the windows, a wild-eyed man in an E.T. shirt records a podcast, gesticulating wildly.

GRANT GREEN

The aliens are the Illuminati.  
They're conditioning us. You ever  
tangle with a Beyonce fan on  
Twitter? Relentless.

9 INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT/N1 - CONTINUOUS

9

The door opens. Liz looks around, taking it all in. Waiters wear silver novelty antennae. "Mars Attacks!" on the TV's.

GRANT GREEN

They're brainwashed by subliminal messaging in the music. Aliens are building armies, and soon, they'll sound the alarm. And the war for the soul of America will be on. I'm Grant Green and this is The Gravity Of It All podcast. Now a word from our sponsor, Alpha Testosterator Gel caps.

LIZ

You really think aliens are after America?

Green pulls his headphones off, thrilled to have an audience.

GRANT GREEN

It's the greatest country in the galaxy. Are you a believer?

Liz sits down, her eyes wide. The rapt ingenue. Whispering:

LIZ

That's why I'm in Roswell. My great-grandpa was impregnated by an alien, here, in 1947.

GRANT GREEN

Your great grand...*father*?

LIZ

Abducted. Probed. Ever since, only men in my family carry children.

ARTURO (O.S.)  
Liz, what have I told you about  
toying with the customers?

Liz grins. ARTURO (65, warm, fading) enters from the kitchen.  
His hand is bandaged, cradled against his side awkwardly.

ARTURO (CONT'D)  
14 months I carried you and still,  
you don't listen.  
(he pats his round belly)  
Alien gestation. *Qué bárbaro.*

Grant glares, standing up and beginning to gather his things.

GRANT GREEN  
This may be a joke to you people,  
but you will look back on this  
moment and wish you'd heard me.

As Grant storms out the door, Arturo chuckles --

ARTURO  
He'll be back tomorrow.

Liz stands to hug her dad. He kisses her cheek. Then, proud:

ARTURO (CONT'D)  
Everyone, my youngest, Liz. Pride  
and joy of the Ortechos. Our little  
genius, finally home.

As her father hugs her, CUT TO:

10 INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT/N1 - LATER

10

Liz sits on the counter, stealing pickles from the burger  
station as Arturo drops cherries onto milkshakes.

ARTURO  
How was the drive?

LIZ  
Awesome. There is so much of  
absolutely nothing to look at  
between Denver and Roswell. You  
wouldn't believe.

ARTURO  
You must be starving. You want some  
enchiladas?

Liz peers at the family photos taped to the wall above the  
stove: Arturo, Liz, Rosa, their mother, Helena.

Amidst the photos is a prayer card from Rosa's funeral. The dates reveal she died in 2008, at age 19. Liz looks away. \*

LIZ

I stopped on the way for some  
jalapeno poppers and half a PBR.  
Could use a cup of coffee, though.  
(then, noticing--)  
What happened to your hand?

\*  
\*

ARTURO

Nothing. Cut it. Bah.

\*

He heads for the coffee pot.

\*

LIZ

Did you have another spasm? You  
told me the tremors were gone.

\*

ARTURO

I told you I feel better. Which I  
do, after deciding to ignore the  
tremors and go on living my life.

She sighs, frustrated. But now isn't the time--

\*

LIZ

It's late. Are you off the clock?

\*

ARTURO

Carl's wife had her baby. I'm  
covering his late shift this week.  
Go upstairs, get some rest. I'll  
see you in the morning.

\*  
\*  
\*

LIZ

What? No. Look, Dad, I'm already  
caffeinating. I can cover this  
place until closing. I could do it  
in my sleep. You rest.

\*  
\*

ARTURO

(a long-suffering sigh)  
You have to wear the antennae.

\*

LIZ

No. I'm a respected biomedical  
researcher. An adult. No way.

Liz is wearing the antennae, and her waitress uniform. She's in an old groove, on auto-pilot. She opens the double doors from the kitchen, looking at the ticket on a take-out bag--

LIZ

One last order. Men in Blackened  
salmon with Scully's sweet potato  
fries, extra flying sauce, to go.

\*

\*

She hands it to the final customer, then sags against the counter. Exhausted.

Liz crosses to the door and turns the sign to CLOSED, before moving to the jukebox, and choosing a favorite '90s song. As it starts, she relaxes. She begins to dance as she busses tables. Then -- the BELL ABOVE THE DOOR CHIMES --

LIZ (CONT'D)

We're... closed.

Max is in the doorway. He smiles. Nervous.

MAX

Yeah. Sorry. I just came to tell  
you -- your front left signal  
lights are out.

LIZ

What?

MAX

You peeled out of there before I  
could say anything. It was like the  
Fast and the Furious. But, you  
know... at a more reasonable speed.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(then)

I just... want you to be safe.  
That's why I stopped you.

\*

\*

\*

\*

LIZ

And I ranted at you like a lunatic.  
I'm sorry. I was feeling defensive  
because... well.

\*

\*

\*

She gestures as if to say, because everything. Max nods.

MAX

I know. But I'm not one of the bad  
guys, Liz.

\*

He tips his head toward the door.

MAX (CONT'D)

It was nice to see you again.

\*

\*

But as he turns to leave, she blurts --

LIZ

You want a milkshake?

12

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT/N1 - MINUTES LATER

12

Liz puts finishing touches on a milkshake and slides it across the counter to him. He sits, shrugs off his jacket.

\*

MAX

This is the most wholesome nightcap I've had in a long while. Or ever.

LIZ

I can throw a couple shots of bourbon in. Least I can do after I was a total bitch to you--

MAX

You weren't. Truth is, immigration is all over us. Crime spiked, suits want to blame the undocumented. But... tearing families apart... it's not why I joined the force.

LIZ

You wanted to be a writer.

MAX

You... remember that?

LIZ

So why *did* you join the force?

MAX

Why does anybody do anything?

LIZ

Oh, come on. Don't give me the cool-guy non-answer.

MAX

I guess I like rules. A clear line between right and wrong.

\*

\*

\*

A shadow falls over his face. He looks down at his hands.

\*

MAX (CONT'D)

And I like protecting people. Helps me sleep at night.

(a beat, then--)

I haven't heard this song in forever.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

LIZ

This is *my* song. The song that  
makes me feel better when nothing  
else can.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(a private smile--)

We got that jukebox in '99 and  
haven't updated it, ever. My sister  
loved it. And whatever she thought  
was cool, I thought was cool, so...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAX

I never got to tell you how sorry--

\*

LIZ

It was a long time ago.

She starts to move away, to wipe down the counters, *anything.*

\*

MAX

Right. So -- where you been?  
Dallas? Curing cancer?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIZ

Denver. Experimental regenerative  
medicine. Not curing cancer, but...  
something really special. Of  
course, my study lost funding  
because someone needs money for a  
wall. And now... I'm here. Wearing  
antennae and sharing a shake with  
my high school lab partner.

MAX

Oh. Are we sharing?

He grins, and she sips from his straw. There's something  
unintentionally intimate about it. He drags his eyes away.

MAX (CONT'D)

You know. I used to think about  
what I'd say, if I saw you again.

Suddenly -- A GUN FIRES outside. They both turn to look as a  
SECOND BLAST of gunfire SHATTERS THE FRONT WINDOW.

MAX (CONT'D)

Get down--

As a THIRD SHOT RINGS OUT, Max throws himself in front of  
her, TAKING HER TO THE GROUND--

But it's too late. Liz's face is frozen in horror -- and when  
Max looks down, BLOOD IS RAPIDLY SPREADING ACROSS HER  
MIDSECTION. As her eyes roll back--

MAX (CONT'D)  
No. Liz--

No hesitation. Max TEARS OPEN the front of her uniform, flattening his palm against the GUSHING WOUND. Time slows down. His body trembles with exertion --

13 EXT. CRASHDOWN CAFE/MAIN ST. - NIGHT/N1 - CONTINUOUS 13

--there's a massive power surge, ALL THE WAY DOWN THE STREET. Bulbs explode, sparks and glass showering the street.

14 INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT/N1 - CONTINUOUS 14

In the darkness, LIZ's EYES FLY OPEN. She gasps.

MAX  
I'm here.

There's the sound of a GLASS BOTTLE SMASHING.

LIZ  
I was -- I was shot --

Max fumbles with his phone, turning on the light. Liz feels through the red mess on her shirt... but there's no wound.

MAX  
It's just ketchup. Are you okay?

She looks at the smashed glass bottle of ketchup beside her, then back to Max, gaping. He looks awful, sick -- and *terrified* -- but he touches her face, gently. Grounding her.

MAX (CONT'D (CONT'D)  
Tell me you're all right, Liz--

LIZ  
I'm... all right.

Breathless, he nods, gets up, and bolts out the door, one hand on the gun in his holster. Liz turns on her own light, looks down at herself, fingers feeling through the red mess on her body. Not a scratch. Then... suddenly...

Her finger finds a bullet hole in the uniform. Over her heart. As she looks up at where Max just took off, her face frozen in shock and confusion. *What the hell just happened.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT/N1

15

Liz fumbles under the counter for a LANTERN-STYLE FLASHLIGHT, setting it up so she can look at her skin. Uninjured... but the bullet hole in her uniform is still there. FLASHBACK TO:

16 EXT. DESERT ROAD/INT. MAX'S JEEP - LATE AFTERNOON/FBD3 - 2008 16

Max drives Liz out to the desert. Liz messes with the radio until she finds a song. She sings along. He grins, laughing --

MAX

You have a nice voice.

LIZ

I have a *terrible* voice.

MAX

I'm sorry you and Kyle broke up.

LIZ

I'm... not.

Max's eyes widen. Then -- the radio dies, the car sputters--

FLASH-POPS: He pops the hood. As he pulls out his phone (a slider phone, we're in the olden days)--

MAX

Michael's good with cars--

LIZ

Max? We could... we could hang out  
for a while. Before we call him.

FLASH-POPS: They take the top down on the jeep. They sit in the back, passing a glass bottle of soda back and forth as the sky darkens. They share the headphones on Liz's iPod. She's looking at the sky. He's looking at her, enamored, wheels turning. Then --

MAX

Liz.

She turns her head a bit. He looks like he's about to say something -- then, slowly, he leans in. Touches his forehead to hers. She closes her eyes, exhales. As their lips touch.

SMASH TO:

17

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT/N1 - **TODAY**

17

Liz looks back down at the bullet hole. But then-- Arturo, in flannel pajamas and a bathrobe, bursts in from the back room.

ARTURO

I heard gunshots--

He's white-faced. The sort of bone-deep fear that lives buried inside a man who has already lost one child. Liz tamps down her own confusion and panic.

LIZ

I'm okay. It's ketchup -- I'm okay.

18

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT/N1

18

Max -- sweaty, gun drawn, rounds a corner, phone to his ear--

MAX

Shots fired at the Crashdown diner,  
perp armed and at large--

Hanging up, he spots a figure in a DARK HOODED COAT -- the PERP -- holstering a POLISHED GUN.

MAX (CONT'D)

Stop! Police!

The perp bolts around a corner. Max follows -- but the guy is gone. Suddenly, Max careens sideways, catching himself against an alley wall as he gets violently sick.

He takes a few steps away before his knees give out. He slumps back against a wall, all the color gone from his face. Lips trembling. He closes his eyes. Then whispers --

MAX (CONT'D)

*I need you.*

There's a strange echo effect to his voice. Nothing happens, though. Off Max, alone and fading in the darkness--

19

EXT. ISOBEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT/N1

19

Establish a beautiful, well-kept house on a quiet cul-de-sac.

ISOBEL (PRELAP)

Do you like it when I'm in control?

20

INT. ISOBEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT/N1

20

ISOBEL (28, polished, a former high school ice queen who has spent a decade thawing), in a black negligee, STRADDLES her husband, NOAH (30, charming, sexy, confident, super naked).

ISOBEL

Uh-uh. If you finish before I tell you to, there will be punishment.

NOAH

Just -- let me touch you, Isobel --

He looks at where she's tied his wrists to the bedposts.

ISOBEL

(leaning in to kiss him)  
You like the punishment too much.

MAX (V.O.)

*Izzy. I need you.*

She jerks back, away from Noah. Worry on her face.

ISOBEL

I have to go.

NOAH

What?

MAX (V.O.)

*Hurry.*

She gets off him. As she grabs a sweater, she... improvises. \*

ISOBEL

Don't question me. You agreed to obey, all night long. Wait here.

NOAH

This is part of the... thing?

ISOBEL

Yeah. I think it's called edging?  
I'll check the book.

NOAH

*Isobel.*

\*

But she's already gone, footsteps on the stairs.

ISOBEL (O.S.)

I love you!

21 INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT/N1

21

Liz zips a hoodie over her bloodied dress.

ARTURO  
I never should have let you close.

LIZ  
What? Did something happen before?

ARTURO  
The ten-year anniversary of Rosa's death has... reignited some anger.

As Liz's fury bubbles up, Sheriff Valenti and TWO DEPUTIES pull up outside. As the Sheriff enters the diner--

SHERIFF VALENTI  
Liz. Arturo. Does anyone need medical attention?

LIZ  
How long have people been coming after my father's diner? My home? I've been back for five hours and someone just blew out the window.

SHERIFF VALENTI  
Liz, a gun was discharged, and there's protocol to follow. Now. Do you need medical attention?

LIZ  
Do you?

With a long-suffering sigh, Arturo throws up his hands.

22 EXT. MAIN STREET - ALLEY - NIGHT/N1

22

Isobel's sleek sedan pulls up to where Max is struggling to stay conscious. She parks and, her face falling with worry, races to his side. Immediately horrified.

ISOBEL  
What -- how -- oh my god, Max.

MAX  
I'll explain later -- please, Izzy--

She pulls a bottle of NAIL POLISH REMOVER out of her purse and opens it for him. Grateful, he begins to chug.

23

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - LIZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT/N1

23

Stripping to her underwear, Liz looks in the mirror, wiping away the "ketchup." She finds a strange purple mark over her heart, like a bruise. She studies it, then turns from the mirror, looking around the room. Old posters on the wall, two beds. Her gaze travels to her sister's bed.

24

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - LIZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT/FBN3 - 2008

24

Liz (17) paces, on her phone. Giddy as she leaves a message.

LIZ

Rosa. If I'm asleep when you get home, wake me up. I gotta tell you about tonight. About Max Evans.

Then suddenly -- the room is lit by blue and red flashing lights from outside the window. Liz peeks through the blinds. Outside, the Sheriff gets out of a squad car. Removes her hat, somberly, as she approaches. Liz drops her phone.

25

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - LIZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT/N1 - TODAY

25

Liz looks at her open suitcase. Instead, she crosses to Rosa's dresser, and pulls on a t-shirt, before heading out --

26

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING/D2

26

The street is quiet; it's barely dawn. Max and the sheriff confer in front of the police station.

MAX

Black hoodie, maybe five-ten. The gun was antique. Like an old colt.

SHERIFF VALENTI

And the shooter got away from you on foot?

MAX

I'd... had a long night.

SHERIFF VALENTI

Leave a full report on my desk, then get some sleep. Check in with forensics before your next shift.

MAX

Why?

SHERIFF VALENTI

They have questions. There were two bullet trajectories on the scene.

(MORE)

SHERIFF VALENTI (CONT'D)  
One was lodged in the wall. They  
can't find the second bullet.  
(as she leaves--)  
Oh. And there's a present for you  
in the drunk tank.

27

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOLDING ROOM - MORNING/D2

27

MICHAEL GUERIN (28, a bad boy but a good man) is in a holding cell. A fresh cut on his lip. He narrows his eyes at a key ring on a desk outside. Slowly... the keys begin to float...

But Max -- entering, pissed -- GRABS THE KEYS FROM MID-AIR.

MAX  
There are cameras in here, Michael.

MICHAEL  
Mysteriously, they all shut down.

MAX  
Lemme guess, another bar fight. You  
steal someone's girl? Again? Sober  
up a little and I'll get you  
released -- the right way.

MICHAEL  
Aww. But I was so looking forward  
to the self-righteous lecture. Why  
you gotta cause a scene, Michael?  
Why can't you drive the speed  
limit, Michael? Why don't you spend  
your nights like I do, crying and  
masturbating to moralistic Russian  
literature, Michael?

Max turns to leave, but ISOBEL IS THERE, blocking the door.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

\*

ISOBEL  
Heya, brother. Had to untie some  
loose ends at home, but I'm here  
for your explanation. You have 30  
seconds, or I will melt your brain.

Michael looks at Isobel. Then Max. Realizing --

MICHAEL  
What did you do.

28

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - MORNING/D2

28

Liz paces in the ER waiting room, having been there waiting all night. Enter handsome ex, KYLE VALENTI (28). A surgical resident. He grins.

KYLE (O.S.)  
Of all the gin joints.

LIZ  
Kyle?

KYLE  
My mom texted that you were back.  
So. We could do the awkward-exes-  
small-talk thing, but I took an  
oath to do no harm.

\*

LIZ  
I think I might have hit my head.  
I'm confused, and I think maybe I  
have a concussion. Is it safe to do  
a CT scan on someone with a bullet  
in their body?

KYLE  
Were you shot?

\*  
\*

LIZ  
Obviously not. Right?  
(gesturing at herself)  
There was gunfire at the cafe. I  
swear something hit me. My brain is  
my superpower. I can't be  
hallucinating. I can't go crazy  
like...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KYLE  
You're not like your mom, or your  
sister. You're reacting to trauma.  
I'll order the scans, just in case.

\*

He offers a reassuring smile, covering his obvious concern --

29

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOLDING ROOM - DAY/D2

29

Isobel leans against a desk as Max paces and Michael seethes.

\*

ISOBEL  
Twenty years of keeping our secret,  
and now you up and resurrect  
someone? Rosa Ortecho's sister.

MAX  
You weren't there. You didn't see  
it. I couldn't just let her die--

\*  
\*

MICHAEL  
So call an ambulance, do CPR. Pray.  
Don't decide to be a hero--

\*  
\*

Michael narrows his eyes at the HEAVY LOCK on the holding cell door. The lock BREAKS, the door springing open.

MAX

How would you know? You've never done anything for anyone--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ISOBEL

Stop it, Max -- both of you --

\*  
\*

MICHAEL

That you'd do this to Isobel--

MAX

Everything I've ever done has been to protect Isobel. And you--

MICHAEL

Everything you've ever done has been to protect yourself.

Michael SHOVES HIM. Hard. The shove TELEKINETICALLY PUSHES EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM AWAY. A desk, chairs. Isobel stumbles. Shaking his head, Michael walks out. Max starts to stand.

\*  
\*  
\*

ISOBEL

Max, the cameras--

MAX

He shut them off. Don't worry.

\*

ISOBEL

Don't worry? I spent my whole life terrified someone would find out we're aliens. That we'd end up -- dissected, imprisoned. So I've kept this secret. From our parents, my husband. I am married to someone who can never know me, and it kills me, but I keep this secret, because you, me, and Michael swore that we would. And in one moment... you threw that all away. For some girl you had a thing for in high school, who left this town without so much as a glance back at you. I hope she's worth it, Max.

She exits, Max left in the wake of her anger... and her fear.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29A EXT. CRASHDOWN CAFE/INT. MICHAEL'S TRUCK - DAY/D2 29A\*

Michael sits in his car. He rips open a sugar packet and  
dumps it into a cup of coffee, then circles his finger above  
the coffee, stirring it telepathically. \*

Reveal: He's watching the Crashdown Cafe. Through the  
spidered windows, he can see Liz. \*

30 INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - DAY/D2 - CONTINUOUS 30\*

The diner is quiet. While Liz stirs her coffee anxiously,  
preoccupied, Arturo looks at print-outs of Liz's body scan. \*

ARTURO

So no concussion, no nothing.  
That's a relief. \*

LIZ

Dad... I'm thinking of selling the  
Crashdown. \*

ARTURO

You want to sell *my* diner. \*

LIZ

It's in *my* name.  
(then)

You know what I mean. We could move  
to a sanctuary city. You know there  
was an ICE checkpoint on 285 last  
night? Let's get out of this town  
that hates us for no good reason --

ARTURO

The town doesn't hate us. Some  
people in the town hate what  
happened. What your sister did.  
It's a pretty good reason, mija.  
(then--)

I know you hate it here, but I like  
making milkshakes for kids dressed  
up like little green men. This is  
my home and this diner is my life. \*

He sets a milkshake down in front of her, then walks away,  
bringing food to customers in a booth. Liz looks down at the  
scans again... Her wheels turning.

LIZ (PRELAP)  
Brought you a milkshake.

31

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY/D2

31

Max gets out of his squad car, surprised to see Liz waiting for him outside the police station.

LIZ

To make up for the one that got rudely interrupted last night.

(then)

And to thank you.

MAX

I didn't do anything. The shooter missed. We were lucky.

LIZ

You know, I thought I was shot.  
(he doesn't react)

\*

I felt -- not pain, but searing heat. And then the whole world fading out to nothing.

MAX

Liz--

LIZ

Since obviously I wasn't shot, I figured I had a concussion, and the hallucination was some kind of brain trauma. But the doctor says I don't. I also don't have a bullet in my body. I made him check.  
(then)

Can you keep a secret?

MAX

You can tell me anything.

LIZ

My mom was mentally ill. My sister Rosa too, I think. I always thought that was why she got into drugs, when we were kids. Self medicating, quieting voices. And... I've always been afraid I'd end up like them. Hallucinating. Living a fantasy.  
(then)

\*

\*

Think that's what happened last night? I just... snapped?

He's quiet. She steps close to him. Takes his hand, but he pulls his hand away from her. Shutting her out.

MAX

Nothing happened, Liz. Maybe you  
were just... tired from the drive.

It's a clear cold shoulder. She's pissed. Betrayed, even.

LIZ

Or losing my mind.

She waits for him to reassure her that's not the case -- but he is quiet. Pissed, she turns to go. But then--

MAX

Liz.

She starts to turn back to him -- but then -- suddenly -- a car stops at a red light nearby, and a loud CRACK sounds. They turn just in time to see the car windows EXPLODE OUTWARD -- all of them shattering, as if by some invisible force.

There's shouting in the street, people dodging flying glass. Max drops his milkshake and races to the car. Liz takes a few nervous steps back as pedestrians gather, murmuring --

Liz watches as, in the street, Max helps a female driver out of her car.

MAX (CONT'D)

Are you hurt?

She shakes her head no -- but Max's attention is caught by something over her shoulder. It's MICHAEL, sitting in his old truck. Watching, a look of stern warning in his eyes.

MAX (CONT'D)

(to the woman, shaken)

Come on. Let's get you checked out.

Liz's heart pounds. Confused -- shaken -- but then... she remembers what she came for. Amidst the commotion, she PULLS A ZIPLOCK BAGGIE from her pocket. Careful not to contaminate it, she picks up the used straw from Max's forgotten drink.

Michael drives. Coiled up like a livewire. Finally, he stops, and slams a hand furiously against the steering wheel in rage and fear until he's exhausted himself.

He takes a deep breath. Looks down at his hand, and flexes it. There are ugly, twisted scars on the back. The fingers are stiff and gnarled, curled oddly.

Calmer, now, Michael hits the gas again. He turns past a sign for FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH -- the same ranch we saw in 1947.

33 EXT. FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH - MICHAEL'S AIRSTREAM - DAY/D2 33

Michael's truck pulls up to a gleaming AIRSTREAM TRAILER parked near a barn on the ranch land. In front of the trailer is the old RANCHER (70, all belt buckle) and several uniformed military personnel.

Michael gets out of the truck. Wary as the rancher moves away from the group of military men and approaches Michael.

RANCHER  
Came knocking. You were gone.

MICHAEL  
So you called in the cavalry? It's my day off.

RANCHER  
Well, you're about to have a hell of a lot more of those. The air force is acquiring the land. Need you to move your rig--

MICHAEL  
They can't just take your ranch--

RANCHER  
They ain't taking it. They're buying it. I'm gonna get me a house next to an ocean.

Michael notices a SOLDIER, leaning heavily on a metal forearm crutch, peering into the window of his airstream. He strides over, grabbing the guy by the arm and pulling him away--

MICHAEL  
That's private property--

But he's startled when he sees the man's face. It's ALEX MANES (28, half Native American, guarded).

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Alex. You're back from Baghdad.

ALEX  
Have been for months.

MICHAEL  
Your dad must be proud. Finally a real Manes man.

He looks over Alex's shoulder to the other military guys. MASTER SERGEANT MANES, Alex's father, watches them coldly.

ALEX  
Three quarters of one.

He taps his metal crutch against his prosthetic shin, the clang of metal ringing out. If Michael is shocked by it, he covers any change in his expression.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
What are you doing in that trailer,  
Guerin? Because it sure as hell  
doesn't look legal.

Michael takes a beat, regarding Alex. Making a decision to keep his guard up. A cool smile slides across his face.

MICHAEL  
A little weed. A lot of casual sex.  
Covert plans to violently overthrow  
the government. Quick, run and tell  
your daddy.

He jerks his head toward the Master Sgt. Then rolls his eyes, steps up to the airstream, and slams the door.

34

INT. MICHAEL'S AIRSTREAM - DAY/D2 - CONTINUOUS

34

There's a bunk, rumpled sheets, but otherwise... there's nothing normal in here. Michael grabs a toothbrush as the camera travels over his collection of shrapnel from the 1947 crash. Some metal, some iridescent material. Odd symbols in an alien language, complicated equations scrawled on a whiteboard. Photographs of the desert, the sky... and a blueprint. Unfinished. For something that looks like a ship.

Michael pulls off his shirt, then grabs another. He pauses, then, and looks to the window. Pushes the flimsy curtain aside a bit and looks out. Alex stands a few yards away, his father speaking to him. His eyes lock with Michael's. Holding just a beat too long. Michael turns away from the window.

35

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - LIZ'S BEDROOM - DAY/D2

35

In a series of quick cuts, Liz drags an old science kit out from under her bed, then sets up a microscope on her desk, and then pulls out Max's straw from her pocket -- when her phone rings. DAD. Realizing the time, she stands --

36

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY/D2

36

Liz, now in a buttoned-up dress, walks through the cemetery. She passes a LARGE MEMORIAL for two teen girls, photos on display. Half the town listens as someone gives a speech.

Rosa's grave isn't so prominent. It's at the back of the cemetery. There are crumpled beer cans and other trash at the base of the headstone.

LIZ

I'm sorry I'm late, I -- oh, Dad.

Her jaw drops as he turns from the headstone, a scrub brush in his hands. The word BITCH is painted over Rosa's name.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Who would do this?

ARTURO

Like I said, the anniversary has reignited some anger. The other girls who died had big families. A lot of friends--

LIZ

Rosa was their friend. Whoever did this is over there right now, watching you scrub--

Liz turns as if to march over to the other memorial and give them a piece of her mind, but Arturo stops her.

ARTURO

We're here to honor your sister, not pretend that she was perfect. Rosa took drugs, and drove a car. And when she died, she took two girls with her. We can know that to be true, and we can love her still.

LIZ

This is why you stay here. It's not about the milkshakes and tourists. You stay here because if you don't clean this mess up, no one will. You stay for Rosa.

ARTURO

I stay because Roswell is my home. It's where I remember her. Playing guitar in the corner booth, singing those old songs she liked.

(MORE)

ARTURO (CONT'D)  
And you, dancing along as you  
helped me marry ketchups. Oh, how  
you loved your sister.

LIZ  
You have a selective memory.

ARTURO  
I remember dark times, too. Crying.  
Fighting. It wasn't easy to be  
Rosa. But she worked hard to be  
better, because you asked her to.  
(he touches her cheek)  
Oh, how your sister loved you.

Liz is quiet for a long time. Tears in her eyes. Then, she  
wipes them away, straightening up. She turns to the grave,  
looking at the colorful desert flowers planted in the dust.

LIZ  
The flowers are nice, Dad. Rosa  
would've liked them.

ARTURO  
I didn't plant them.

LIZ  
Who did?

ARTURO  
Who do you think?

Off Liz... realizing --

37 INT. WILD PONY BAR - DUSK/D2

37

A dingy, crowded cowboy bar. Pool tables, a jukebox. MARIA DELUCA (28, desert flowers in her hair) is behind the bar. She peers at the palm of a patron, Hank (35). Full of shit.

MARIA  
Your love line is strong. You're  
gonna marry Lindsay, and have...  
three kids. Congratulations.

Hank grins, elated -- then glances up at the door as Liz enters, looking around. His smile curls into a sneer.

HANK  
Is that the Ortecho girl? Thought  
she went back to her own country.

Maria glances over, expressionless. Hank starts to stand.

MARIA

Uh-uh, Hank. You're not distracting  
me from my money with your thinly  
veiled racism. Ten bucks a reading.

He sighs and hands over a \$10 bill, walking away as Liz  
approaches the bar. Smiling warmly, if a little nervously--

LIZ

Maria. *Hi.* You look amazing.

MARIA

The Wild Pony is strictly a local  
bar. Tourists usually party at  
Saturn's Ring, two blocks over.

She raises an eyebrow. Teasing. Mostly.

LIZ

Okay, I guess I deserved that.

MARIA

You could at least have the decency  
to get an instagram so your high  
school BFF can stalk you from afar.

LIZ

I came to thank you. I saw the  
flowers you planted.

\*  
\*

Maria sighs and grabs a bottle of tequila, pouring two double  
shots. She slides one over to Liz.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I shouldn't--

MARIA

To Rosa.

LIZ

(surrendering)

To Rosa.

They drink. Maria fills the glasses again. At the other side  
of the bar, MICHAEL ARRIVES. He greets a few people near the  
door, obviously a regular here. One eye on Liz and Maria.

Max enters. His place is neat, with an impressive bookshelf  
crying for mercy under the weight of his collection of books.  
Isobel is there, sifting through a box of old photos.

MAX  
I've had a long day, Iz--

ISOBEL  
I need a high school photo of the  
three of us. I worked too hard  
planning this reunion to be  
underrepresented in the freaking  
slideshow.

\*

Max crosses to the bookshelf, taking out a journal. Tucked  
between the pages is a photo of Max, Michael, and Isobel in  
high school. Michael's arms thrown around them. Best friends.  
He hands it to Isobel. She looks at it, and sighs.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)  
Make me understand. Why was a girl  
you haven't seen in a decade worth  
putting our lives in danger? She's  
a scientist, Max. A discovery like  
this could change her life.  
(then, abruptly--)  
Are you in love with her?

MAX  
I... haven't seen her in a decade.

ISOBEL  
You know, Noah and I have been  
having trouble. He thinks I'm  
distant. He can feel the secrets.  
We've been trying all this weird  
stuff in bed, trying to reconnect--  
do you know what edging is?

\*

\*

MAX  
I will give you a hundred dollars  
not to tell me.

\*

\*

ISOBEL  
My point is, you can't be with Liz  
Ortecho. Because even if she finds  
out you're an alien, there are  
things you can never tell her.  
Secrets bigger than any I'm keeping  
from Noah. Fall in love with  
someone else, Max. Anyone else.

MAX  
It's been ten years, Iz. If I could  
have... I would have.

\*

\*

She reaches for his hand. Her heart breaking for him.

39

INT. WILD PONY BAR - NIGHT/N2

39

Michael lands a nearly impossible shot at the pool table thanks to his telekinesis. Hank, his opponent, is too drunk to notice anything awry; he hands over a \$100 bill. Across the room, Maria crosses to Liz, who is nursing a drink.

LIZ

Are Max and Michael still close?

MARIA

The cop and the criminal? Doubt it.  
I still can't believe you and Max  
almost got murdered together.  
That's so romantic.

Liz smirks. A little sad.

\*

LIZ

Yeah. I thought... maybe there was  
a spark there. But he gave me the  
cold shoulder today when I tried to  
ask about the shooting, so. I'm an  
idiot.

\*

\*

\*

\*

MARIA

I know the cure for that.

\*

\*

LIZ

Let me guess. More tequila?

\*

\*

\*

\*

MARIA

What? No. More tequila is the cure  
for adult-onset ennui. The cure for  
feeling like an idiot over a guy is  
random sex with a different guy.

Maria is still looking over at Michael, who now has a girl draped over him as he lines up a shot. Liz smiles a little.

\*

\*

LIZ

Michael got kinda hot, huh?

\*

\*

\*

MARIA

In a sex in a truck, smells like a  
river, never introduce him to your  
parents kinda way. Look, Liz... you  
don't have to do this.

LIZ

What?

\*

MARIA

This. Talk about boys like we're still seventeen. People drift apart. Sometimes they just drift far enough that they can't drift back. It's no big deal.

LIZ

Maria. I never drifted away from you. I drifted away from... Them.

She glances over to the table full of idiots still staring at her and whispering to each other.

MARIA

Hank and Lindsay and their posse of human YouTube comments? Please. Delete them. Like, emotionally.

LIZ

I wish I was more like you, but...  
(she stands)  
I'm gonna go. I'll call you.  
Promise.

They hug, and Liz heads out, past the YouTube comments. Hank tosses a dirty napkin at her, but misses. Maria narrows her eyes, dramatically, as if trying to burn a hole into them. Michael, approaching, raises a brow at Maria.

MICHAEL

Are you having a seizure of some kind?

MARIA

Just trying to use the force to curse all future generations of their families.

MICHAEL

Hank and Lindsay? Yeah. Too smart to pity, too dumb to like.

MARIA

They're like 3 AM on my drunk uncle's Facebook come to life.

MICHAEL

I bet they're those people who hit the brakes for no reason. Just open road ahead of them -- and they brake.

MARIA

The future heartless step-parents  
of America.

(then--)

What do you want? Didn't I ban you  
from this bar last night? For life?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MICHAEL

You did. For the third time this  
month. I'm just settling up,  
DeLuca, relax.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He tosses some cash onto the counter.

\*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(turning away--)

By the way, I'm actually pretty  
good with meeting parents. The  
truck sex thing is true, though.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Off Maria, more annoyed than anything --

40 EXT. WILD PONY BAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT/N2

40

Frustrated, Liz leaves the bar just as Kyle gets out of his  
car.

\*

KYLE (O.S.)

Was kinda hoping I might find you  
here. How's the head?

LIZ

Fine. I just... feel like an idiot.  
And now I feel like a tipsy idiot,  
which should be better, but isn't,  
actually.

\*  
\*  
\*

KYLE

There's a DJ tonight, if you wanna  
stay, dance it out like old times.

LIZ

I... don't dance in this town  
anymore, Kyle.

He nods. He knows.

\*

KYLE

We don't have to dance, then. Let's  
grab a bite. See a movie. Whatever.

Liz hesitates. Hard cut to--

41

INT. KYLE'S CAR - NIGHT/N2

41

They hook up. Tequila-fueled, all urgency, no finesse.

KYLE

This is probably a bad idea--

LIZ

Yep. I kinda thought we were ignoring that in favor of the whole sex thing. Ouch, the seatbelt --

KYLE

Right, sorry, here -- I feel like -- maybe I'm just a distraction --

LIZ

Is that a problem, or --

KYLE

No, use me, use me, absolutely --

She laughs and goes back to kissing him, and he goes to work on the buttons on her dress. But then --

KYLE (CONT'D)

Liz -- what happened --

Liz looks down. In the darkness, she pulls her dress closed.

LIZ

Nothing. A bruise.

(then, the moment lost--)

This is a bad idea.

KYLE

If only someone said that earlier.

Liz laughs, but dismounts. Off Kyle, wheels turning--

42

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT/N2

42

Max and Isobel are asleep on the floor, leaning against the couch. Then... the deadbolt on the door opens on its own. The door creaks. Someone enters. Watching them sleep.

Max stirs awake, opening his eyes. REVEAL: Michael, standing over them. Max rubs at his eyes. Then, quietly:

MAX

You can't blow up cars because you're pissed at me.

\*

MICHAEL  
I obviously can.

Max just looks at him. There's a stern, older-brother sensibility. Not mad. Disappointed. Michael sighs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
But I won't anymore.  
(then--)  
Look, I never meant for us to...  
drift so far we can't drift back.  
Or whatever.

MAX  
You gotta lay off the nail polish  
remover, man.

He rubs a hand over his face.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about Liz. I'm sorry I  
broke the rules.

MICHAEL  
No, you're not.

MAX  
I'm sorry about a lot of other  
things, then.

His gaze travels to Michael's gnarled fist. Michael looks down at his hand, shoves it in his jacket pocket.

MICHAEL  
Yeah. Me too.

He sits. Off the three of them, shoulder to shoulder--

43 EXT. WILD PONY BAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT/N2

43 \*

Liz walks back toward the bar, holding her shirt closed.

\*

Then -- she stops, grabbing the side of a truck and hoisting herself up so she can see into one of the side-view mirrors. She opens her shirt.

\*

\*

\*

Her eyes go wide. There, on her chest, over her heart, is a deep purple bruise, with a strange iridescent shimmer. In the perfect shape of a full handprint.

\*

\*

\*

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

44

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - MORNING/D3

44

Arturo flips pancakes on the griddle. At the booth, Grant Green records his podcast. Even more wild-eyed this time.

GRANT GREEN

My homemade alien wave detector is never wrong. It went nuts in 2004, the same day we now know the Advanced Aerospace Threat ID Program spotted a UFO.

45

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - LIZ'S BEDROOM - DAY/D3

45

Upstairs, Liz looks at the handprint on her chest. Then she buttons her shirt, and looks at the microscope on her desk. There are two slides next to it, hastily labeled: *Me. Max.*

GRANT GREEN (V.O.)

Ever since the blackout the other night, it's been off the charts here in ol' Roswell. I'm telling y'all, aliens are coming. And when they do, they're gonna rape, and murder, and steal our jobs.

Liz looks at her own slide. Normal. She replaces it with Max's. She stands so fast, her chair clatters backward.

46

INT. VALENTI HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY/D3

46

Sheriff Valenti comes downstairs, in uniform, fastening her watch as she heads out for the day. She finds Kyle waiting by the coffee machine. Lost in thought.

SHERIFF VALENTI

This is a nice surprise. You have the morning off at the hospital?

KYLE

I need to talk to you, Mom--

SHERIFF VALENTI

What's the matter?

KYLE

Do you remember, right before he died, how dad used to talk about all that crazy UFO stuff?

SHERIFF VALENTI  
Sweetheart, I don't want to--

KYLE  
I know the cancer did awful things  
to dad's brain, trust me--

SHERIFF VALENTI  
I'm late for my patrol, Kyle.  
(then)  
I've always told you. Remember your  
dad as he lived. Jim was a perfect  
father, husband, and Sheriff. He  
was not an old, broken man in a  
hospital, ranting about aliens and-  
what was it? Evil handprints.

She leaves. Off Kyle's frustration -- his wheels turning --

47 EXT. MAX'S HOUSE - DAY/D3

47 \*

Michael tips a bottle of TOBASCO into a mug of coffee. But  
it's not red sauce. It's clear liquid. Isobel and Max raise a  
brow as Michael tucks the bottle back into his shirt pocket.

MICHAEL  
I put the nail polish remover in a  
Tobasco bottle. Less conspicuous.

ISOBEL  
Because all the hipsters are  
putting hot sauce in their coffee  
these days? You need to spend more  
time with actual people, Michael,  
or your weird habits will get us  
caught before Liz ever figures it  
out.

MAX  
I think I have to tell her.

ISOBEL  
Are you drunk?

MAX  
Liz already went to the hospital.  
What happens if she wants to talk  
to forensics? If she does her own  
tests? And the mark could show up --

MICHAEL  
This is why you don't expose an  
alien species to a biomedical  
engineer.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAX

Liz is a lot like you, Michael.  
Prettier, less ornery. But smart.  
Persistent as hell. We were twelve  
years old when you told us you were  
gonna find a way to rebuild the  
ship. To get back home. And you're  
still trying.

MICHAEL

Dude, it took you years to finish  
building your Lego Death Star--

MAX

The point is that you've never  
given up on getting answers.  
(then)  
And now Liz wants answers. Just  
like you did when you started  
digging for UFO shrapnel.

Michael gets it now. He quiets.

ISOBEL

What would make you stop searching,  
Michael? Is there anything that  
could end it for you?

She seems almost... hopeful. Maybe. Michael is quiet for a  
beat. But then--

MICHAEL

Nothing. Nothing except the truth.  
(then--)  
You really think you can trust her?

MAX

I think I have to.

Off the three of them, worried --

48

EXT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - DAY/D3

48

Liz walks out of the cafe, driven, on a mission--

MAX (O.S.)

Looking for me?

She spins around to face him.

MAX (CONT'D)

I was looking for you, so--

LIZ  
I need answers. Now.

She glances around, then pulls her shirt aside, showing him the edges of the handprint. He nods, looking away.

MAX  
I was afraid that might happen.  
Would you take a drive with me?

49 EXT. DESERT ROADS/INT. MAX'S JEEP - DAY/D3

49

Max drives, Liz beside him. It's impossibly quiet. Tense.

LIZ  
I did get shot, didn't I?

MAX  
I told you I'll explain when we--

LIZ  
I'm an idiot. Who gets in a car with a stranger? God, this town makes me stupid. I will never understand why anyone stays here--

MAX  
I stay because I like it. Look, I know people treated you terribly when Rosa died. But people here are good to me. My family is happy. I date nice girls. My parents are great, Izzy loves Noah, Michael won't leave--

LIZ  
Why? Michael out-scored me on every AP test. I figured he'd get some scholarship, change the world.

MAX  
I don't think Michael likes our world enough to bother changing it.  
(a beat, then--)  
I considered leaving, after high school. If it hadn't been for Michael and Isobel, I'd have followed you.  
(she looks at him sharply)  
In your footsteps, I mean. To... see the world or whatever.

As he pulls off the road...

50

EXT. CAVE - DAY/D3

50

Max gets out, heading for a mound of boulders. After a beat, Liz does, too. She watches as he braces his shoulder against a boulder blocking a cave entrance, and pushes it over.

With a glance back at her, he slips into a tunnel. Liz takes a deep breath, but follows Max into the darkness.

They reach a cavern. Dark, except for THREE IRIDESCENT WHITE PODS. Egg shaped, the size of a small refrigerator. They're glowing, filled with some sort of phosphorescent fluid.

MAX

We're pretty sure these are what  
kept us safe during the crash.

LIZ

The... crash.

MAX

The 1947 UFO Crash.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

51 INT. CAVE - DAY/D3

51

Liz takes a nervous step away, shaking her head in disbelief. \*

LIZ

I need to hear you say it. What are  
you, Max?

Max inhales shakily. He's never told this story. \*

MAX

Here's what I know. I woke up in  
this cave in 1997, with Michael and  
Isobel. It was hot and dark and...  
terrifying.52 **FLASH TO 1997:** A dark shape moves inside a pod. Then -- a CHILD'S HAND EMERGES, covered in slick, iridescent liquid --

52

MAX (V.O.)

A long-haul trucker found us.  
Naked, mute, wandering the desert.  
We had no language or rudimentary  
skills... or names. But otherwise  
we were healthy seven-year-olds.53 **FLASH TO A DESERT ROAD:** The silhouettes of three naked children, walking down a dark road in the moonlight, then caught in the headlights of a semi-truck.

53

54 **BACK IN THE CAVE:** Max watches Liz as he speaks. He's far more afraid than she is.

MAX

Our parents adopted Isobel and me.  
Michael was... harder to place. He  
went into the foster system.Liz closes her eyes. Tries to get her bearings. *Breathe.*

LIZ

You're an... alien.

MAX

I know this sounds crazy--

LIZ

I spent two days thinking I needed  
to have myself committed. This  
is... better than that.

(MORE)

\*

LIZ (CONT'D)  
I mean, your squamous epithelial  
cells are not human --

MAX  
You stole my cells?  
(then)  
Of course you stole my cells.

LIZ  
Magical healing doesn't make sense  
to me. DNA does.

Max looks down at the ground. Uncomfortable.

MAX  
You know -- the science is what  
scares us. All our lives, we've  
been afraid that people are going  
to want to put us in a lab and... I  
dunno. Cut us up. Experiment.  
Nothing has ever mattered to me  
more than protecting Michael and  
Isobel from that. Until I saw you  
bleeding, and I just...

He goes quiet, shakes his head. She takes a deep breath.

LIZ  
I'll keep your secret, Max. I  
promise you. I'll keep you safe.

Max looks at her for a long time. Then, finally... he smiles.

55 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY/D3

55

Kyle scribbles on a clipboard. He's preoccupied, frustrated.  
When he turns away from the door, he sees Master Sgt. Manes.

KYLE  
Master Sergeant Manes.

MANES  
I got your message.

KYLE  
You didn't have to come down here --

MANES  
Least I can do for the son of  
Sheriff Jim Valenti.

Kyle hesitates, glances around. No one's paying attention.

KYLE

Yeah. My dad is... why I was hoping  
to speak to you.

He reaches inside of his lab coat and pulls out a small,  
weathered journal. Manes glances at the journal. He speaks  
carefully, as if he already knows the answer to his question:

MANES

What can I do for you?

KYLE

Before he died, my dad was obsessed  
with this journal. I always thought  
it was the misfiring synapses of a  
dying man who spent too many years  
in this town.

In the journal are notes, drawings similar to those in  
Michael's trailer. On one of the last pages, an obsessively  
scribbled handprint. Kyle turns one page, to the last one.

KYLE (CONT'D)

But today, I remembered something.

(reading)

Son. If you see the handprints, go  
to Manes. I love you. Dad.

Manes head snaps up. Suddenly, he's interested. Deeply.

MANES

What did you see, Kyle?

KYLE

With all due respect, sir. I think  
it's time you do the talking.

56

INT. EVENT VENUE - DAY/D3

56

The reunion is in full swing. Barbecue. Drinking. A band  
plays. Maria sits at a booth doing psychic readings. Isobel  
watches from a table, staring daggers while she arranges a  
centerpiece. Michael approaches her.

ISOBEL

I swear, if Maria DeLuca ruins this  
reunion the way she ruined  
homecoming with her freaky  
interpretive dance to protest Sarah  
Palin's moose slaughter--

MICHAEL

Where's Noah?

\*

\*

ISOBEL

(a sigh, then--)

Pissed I didn't call last night  
when I crashed at Max's.

\*  
\*  
\*

MICHAEL

Right. And out of curiosity, why  
did you sleep on Max's dusty floor  
instead of wrapped in rich people  
sheets next to your husband?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ISOBEL

Because I'm codependent and lying  
makes me tired. Why are you here?  
This is so not your scene. There  
are no peanut shells on the floor  
and everyone in the band has teeth.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MICHAEL

I was hoping guys in hazmat suits  
would show up and drag me to the  
Pentagon first, but no such luck.  
Look, this matters to you, so I'm  
here. We have to go about our  
normal lives, maintain cover. With  
your parents, Noah--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ISOBEL

Maintain cover? This is my life--

\*

MICHAEL

I know that. Look. Max trusts Liz.  
But if he's wrong... you're going  
to have to do something about it.

ISOBEL

No. I don't do that anymore. I  
don't meddle in people's minds--

MICHAEL

If I could do it, I would, but I  
can't. Start preparing yourself.  
Because if Liz Ortecho turns on any  
of us -- you will get into her  
head, and erase it, and make her  
leave Roswell, leave Max. Just like  
you did ten years ago.

Off Isobel, unsettled... but resigned--

Liz and Max make their way out of the cave.

LIZ

Do your parents know?

MAX

No. They just thought we were  
orphaned, or abandoned--

LIZ

Those pods kept the three of you  
incubated in stasis for 50 years?

MAX

We think so--

LIZ

Are they organic, or tech? Can you  
all resurrect people?

MAX

No. We've all got... specialties--

LIZ

Like what?

Then she stops. Max is watching her. A little frustrated.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Oh my god. I'm treating you like a  
science experiment. I'm so sorry--

MAX

I wish I had answers for you. But  
we never had anyone to help us  
understand. We grew up watching  
movies where aliens abduct people,  
violate them, bomb the White House.  
I'm... a son, a brother, a cop. My  
life is ordinary. Which was *fine*,  
until you blew back into it two  
days ago... You asked me what I am.  
I'm a guy from Roswell. That's it.

\*  
\*

\*

LIZ

Max... that's enough.

Isobel sits across from Maria at her fortune teller's table.

\*

MARIA

Welcome to Madame Maria's haven of  
healing.

ISOBEL

We are in an old train depot. I  
rented the space myself. Look,  
just... do whatever you do. I'm  
trying to look like I care.

\*  
\*  
\*

Maria rolls her eyes... then goes into a fake "trance."

\*

MARIA

There's sexual energy pouring off  
of you. You and Noah have been  
experimenting. Trying new things.

\*  
\*

ISOBEL

(a beat, then--)

The rope burns on his wrists. Was  
he at the Wild Pony last night?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MARIA

Concerned he might be stepping out?

\*  
\*

ISOBEL

You know, I get a vibe from you,  
too, Maria. The vibe of someone who  
hasn't been laid in five months,  
since the guy who cosplayed as the  
Xenomorph rocked your world at UFO  
with his fully malleable tail.

\*

Maria balks. Too floored to even be offended.

MARIA

You have the gift, Isobel.

ISOBEL

No I don't. You're just a social  
media oversharer. Stop.

\*

She gets up and walks away. Cool. Maria looks stricken...  
then smirks, gathering tarot cards. Feathers ruffled. Point.

\*  
\*

**ACROSS THE ROOM:** Michael is in a corner, flirting with  
another woman, a finger threaded through her belt loop. Then -  
- he glances over her shoulder, seeing Alex headed for him.

\*  
\*  
\*

MICHAEL

I'm parched. You mind grabbing us  
some punch?

\*  
\*  
\*

She kisses his cheek and heads away. He looks up at Alex.

\*

ALEX

Are you cooking meth?

MICHAEL  
Yes, absolutely.

ALEX  
I'm serious. My chemical engineers reported high levels of phenyl-2-propanone around your Airstream.

MICHAEL  
It's not P2P they're detecting. Similar, but there's a twenty-first molecule attached to the compound I can't identify. You should get yourself some better engineers.

ALEX  
They'll go back to collect samples.  
Take care of it before that.

Michael hesitates. Something shifting in his face.

MICHAEL  
Thank you for the heads-up.

He starts to walk away, but Alex grabs his wrist.

ALEX  
You're wasting your life, Guerin.

Michael looks down at where Alex is touching him, then back up. A sort of cruel glimmer in his eye. Lowering his voice:

MICHAEL  
Trying to hold my hand, Private?

ALEX  
Does the whole macho cowboy swagger thing ever get old with you?

MICHAEL  
Did it get old for you?

Off Alex's silence, Michael walks away. Back to the girl.

59 EXT. CAVE - NIGHT/N3

59

Max pushes the stone back, to hide the cave. Liz watches.

LIZ  
Are you like, some kind of benevolent vigilante? Do you run around saving people and then convincing them they're crazy?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAX

You're the first person I've healed  
since I was a kid.

\*

LIZ

You're a cop, you must see people  
hurt all the time--  
(a beat, then--)  
Max? ... Why me?

\*

\*

MAX

Remember the first time we met?

LIZ

I feel like I've always known you.

MAX

I remember it. I can show you,  
but... I have to touch you.

LIZ

Okay. Do -- do whatever you want.

\*

He eases her jacket off her shoulders. He holds her gaze as he slowly undoes the top button of her shirt... then another, and another. Just to the top of her bra. Slowly, Max rests his hand over the purple handprint. Liz takes a sharp breath--

60      **FLASH TO A PLAYGROUND:** YOUNG MAX (7) sits alone. Hugging his 60 knees, under the jungle gym as kids crawl over it above him. It's weird. Scary. YOUNG LIZ (7) crawls next to him. They stare at each other. Then... she takes the DISCMAN HEADPHONES from around her neck and scoots close to him, holding them so that he can listen, too. For the first time... Max smiles.

61      **FLASH TO 5 YEARS LATER:** MEDIUM LIZ (12) is on a swing, buried 61\* in a textbook. Her nose scrunched as she reads. MEDIUM MAX \* (12), holds a soccer ball, hangs out with MEDIUM ISOBEL (12). \* She's talking, but he's not listening. Liz looks up. She \* smiles at Max, makes a goofy face, before going back to the book. He's enamored.

62      **FLASH TO MAIN STREET:** Max (17) walks past the Crashdown, 62\* looking in on Liz (17) as she dances with Maria and Alex, \* free and alive, while Rosa (19, looking rough) plays the guitar. Then -- Kyle enters frame, joining Liz, dipping her. Max smiles at her happiness... and leaves.

63      **FLASH TO MAX'S JEEP:** Max and Liz are in the jeep, in 2008. 63 The moment we cut away from, earlier. Their lips touch. Tentative, at first, but then more passionately-- And suddenly, the CAR STARTS UP AGAIN. Headlights kicking on, radio blaring. They jump apart.

Max looks embarrassed, nervous. But Liz pulls him closer.

MAX  
It's late. Your dad--

LIZ  
I don't care. Graduation's so soon,  
and I feel like I wasted so much  
time, when you were right here --

He kisses her again. Slow. Then, softly--

MAX  
Hey. We have time. I promise.

64      **BACK TO TODAY:** Liz opens her eyes. Max's hand still against her chest. He waits, patiently, for her to speak. Finally--

64 \*

LIZ  
After high school... you would have followed me.

MAX  
Yeah. Anywhere.

Liz looks into his eyes. Her hands come to his waist, her fingers curl in his shirt, and she leans up to kiss him -- but their lips barely touch before he breaks away from her.

\*  
\*  
\*

LIZ  
Max? I thought--

MAX  
The handprint is a psychic bond between us. That's why I can show you those memories. Right now, what you're feeling is an echo of...  
(clenching his jaw--) Of what I feel for you. It'll wear off, just like that handprint will. So... I can't.

LIZ  
When will the handprint fade?

MAX  
A couple of days. A week, maybe.

LIZ  
Fine. I'll kiss you then.

She walks away, getting into the passenger seat of the car. As her door slams, Max shakes his head -- but, despite himself, he smiles. *Hopeful.*

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

65

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT/N3

65

Max starts the car. Liz looks up at the sky through the open top of the Jeep. The stars are breathtaking. Then, curious -

LIZ

If the crash happened at the Foster Homestead, how did your pods end up in a cave miles into the desert?

MAX

You're definitely catching on to all the weirdness here.

(a smile--)

We don't know. Someone went to great lengths to move the pods, to hide us. But it's been 70 years. Whoever that was, human or alien, is probably long dead.

(then)

Listen, I know you don't want to, but I have to go to the reunion. It's important to Isobel, and she doesn't ask for much.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIZ

I'll come with you.

MAX

Really? You hate those people.

LIZ

Not all of them.

66

INT. MILITARY INSTITUTE - MANES' OFFICE - NIGHT/N3

66 \*

Master Sgt. Manes leads Kyle into his office. Spotless, clinical, just a desk and several tall filing cabinets. When Kyle steps inside, Manes locks the door behind them.

\*  
\*  
\*

MANES

First thing's first. I don't want Alex involved in this. My son has been through enough. And he's not strong stock. Not like you are.

Kyle's brow creases. Vaguely disgusted. Manes doesn't notice.

MANES (CONT'D)

I've been waiting for you to come knocking a long time, kid.

Manes opens a desk drawer and removes a touch screen tablet.  
He presses his fingertips to it. CLEARANCE GRANTED. Three  
steady beeps sound and one of the filing cabinet drawers  
opens, unlocked from the inside.

Manes crosses to the file. Kyle's attention, however, is  
caught by the display of GLEAMING COLT GUNS on the wall above  
the desk.

KYLE  
My dad's guns. I remember...

MANES  
They're yours now. I've just been  
keeping 'em safe for you.

An old photo shows a stern Air Force commander and a cop with  
a blurry mass behind them -- the UFO wreckage. A placard  
reads COMMANDER ANDY MANES, OFFICER GARY VALENTI. 1947.

MANES (CONT'D)  
There's a lot here that's yours  
now. Responsibility, mostly. Our  
families have long been in the  
business of keeping people safe.  
Soldiers. Cops. Good men, who make  
extraordinary sacrifices.

Manes pulls a thick file out, dropping it on the table.

MANES (CONT'D)  
For 70 years, your ancestors and  
mine have led an operation to  
protect this town. This planet.

KYLE  
From... what, exactly?

Manes gestures at the file. With trepidation, Kyle opens it.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
These are... autopsy reports.

On top is an outline of a body. A date at the top reads 1955.

MANES  
The reports on file with your  
mother have had sections redacted.  
These are real. Innocent humans,  
murdered.

Kyle flips through the pages. The camera zeroes in on certain pieces of each of them: On every autopsy report, there is a note of a purple bruise or burn mark, seared into the skin. On the photos, each is shaped like a perfect handprint.

KYLE  
Who killed them?

MANES  
Not who. *What.*

67 EXT. EVENT VENUE - NIGHT/N3

67

Alex has stepped outside for a break. He pulls up a pant leg, adjusts something on his prosthetic. Wincing a little.

MICHAEL  
Nostalgia's a bitch, huh.

Alex stands, looking over at Michael. He's silhouetted in the light of the doors to the venue. Alex sighs.

ALEX  
I thought for sure that when I got back from Iraq, you'd be long gone.

Somehow, the animosity has been drained out of both of them. When Michael speaks, he just sounds tired.

MICHAEL  
I've been working on a way out of here for a while. It's slow going.  
(he swallows)  
That what you want? For me to go?

\*

\*

ALEX  
We're not kids anymore. What I want doesn't matter.

Michael takes another step. Then Alex does. With no indication of who makes the first move, just muscle memory springing to life -- they're KISSING.

68 EXT. EVENT VENUE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT/N3

68

Liz and Max get out of the Jeep, heading for the reunion. As they approach the door, she suddenly hesitates.

Max touches the small of Liz's back.

MAX  
We don't have to. I'll explain it to Isobel. We can go--

Liz shakes her head. And then she reaches for his hand.

69 INT. EVENT VENUE - NIGHT/N3

69

Maria does a palm reading for Lindsay. From the bar. Then--

LINDSAY  
Seriously? Is this a joke?

Maria looks up to see Liz enter. Murmurs begin around the room. "What's she doing here?" "...the hell?" She digs her thumb into Lindsay's palm. Hard.

MARIA  
I see you dying alone. Probably pretty soon. Of syphilis.

Maria stands up. Then -- she glances over to the band. Wheels turning, she makes a beeline for the lead singer --

Max and Liz try to ignore it -- but it's bad.

LIZ  
This was a stupid idea. This town--

MAX  
I know.

The music stops abruptly. In the silence, the whispers seem worse. Liz shakes her head. Starts to head for the door.

Then, a song starts. *Liz's song*. Liz looks over to see Maria near the band.

Maria shrugs at Liz. She starts to dance. Alone. Carefree. Totally weird. Despite herself, Liz laughs. Glances at Max.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I'll take you home, if you want.

LIZ  
(a smile to Maria)  
I can't leave now. It's my song.

With a "to hell with it" look to Max, she straightens her shoulders and joins her friend on the dance floor.

*Fuck it.* Liz starts to dance, too. Free. Easy. Like nothing hurts. Max watches, captivated by her. Like he's seventeen again... like nothing hurts.

ISOBEL  
You told her.

She steps up next to Max. He nods, a small, reassuring smile.

MAX

She wasn't angry, or scared. We can trust her. She'll keep the secret.

ISOBEL

How much did you say, Max?

(frustrated)

Did you tell her what else the handprint can do? \*

MAX

She didn't need to know. And... she can't find out about Rosa. Ever. \*

70

INT. MILITARY INSTITUTE - MANES' OFFICE - NIGHT/N3

70 \*

Kyle meticulously looks through the autopsies.

MANES

The 1947 crash was real, and the unidentified flying object was identified. It was a ship, carrying an army of monsters. Most of them died that night. But at least one survived. These murders prove it.

KYLE

(incredulous)

*Alien serial killers, in Roswell.*

MANES

They are a violent race, son.

71

EXT. EVENT VENUE - NIGHT/N3

71

In a dark, secluded corner, Michael and Alex make out. When they pause for a breath, Michael keeps his forehead pressed to Alex's. Just staring at him. At peace.

MANES (V.O.)

They came here to destroy humanity.

They hate the very things that distinguish man from beast.

72

INT. EVENT VENUE - NIGHT/N3

72

Isobel joins the dance floor, finally loosening up. The camera catches on Liz, dancing, as she looks up to see Max watching her. She smiles, and puts her hand over her heart. \*

\*

\*

MANES (V.O.)  
They despise compassion. Empathy.  
Freedom. Love.

He catches his breath, as if he can feel the touch from across the room. He touches his own chest. Then, he walks toward her, something undeniable pulling him to her.

MANES (V.O.)  
They are terrorists. And if we don't eliminate them, they will eliminate us.

73 INT. MILITARY INSTITUTE - MANES' OFFICE - NIGHT/N3

73 \*

Manes is fired up. The fear, the hatred of aliens -- *it lights him up inside.*

MANES  
We are in the fight of our lives.  
And Roswell is ground zero. We haven't had a lead in ten years.  
Not since the most recent victim.

Then, Manes leans forward, flipping pages in the stack of autopsy reports. Turning to the last one.

Kyle has a VIOLENT REACTION. Jerking back -- devastated. It's a photo -- but we can't quite see it --

74 INT. EVENT VENUE - NIGHT/N3

74

Liz and Max dance to her favorite song. Happy. *Finally.*

Michael returns to the room. He watches Max and Liz for a moment. Expression growing dark. His eyes catch Isobel's. A painful secret lingering between them. They might have to ruin this. But for now, they just watch--

75 INT. MILITARY INSTITUTE - MANES' OFFICE - NIGHT/N3

75 \*

Kyle shakes his head. Disbelieving.

MANES  
An alien killed Rosa Ortecho.

Now we see it. A full page photo of Rosa's face. Eyes open in a blank, dead stare, hair matted and bloodied. And a handprint seared over her mouth, open in a frozen scream.

END OF PILOT